The Undergraduate.

VOL V. MIDDLEBURY, VT., DECEMBER, 1879. NO. 4.

IN THE DEPTHS.

The fire burns low ; the lamp light dim
  Throws wierd, grey shadows on the wall,
And, as the long night wears away,
  Deep silence broodeth over all.

I raise my window and the night
  Seems like my future. dark and drear,
No stars to guide my wandering feet ;
  No hopes to ward off dread and fear.

With hand upraised above the eyes,
  And head bent forward in the gloom
The thought comes o'er me, with a chill,
  "Like this will be the Day of Doom."

Beyond, beneath me, sleeps the town
  Deep wrapped in slumber, soft and sweet,
The night winds bear a precious boon
  Of rest, for weary, aching feet.

The veil of Darkness hangs unmoved ;
  My straining eyes no sight obtain ;
The tired head sinks upon the hand ;
  Each heart beat tells a tale of pain.

"Oh God !" I cry, with quivering lip,
  "Have I no mission here below ?
Unknown, unseen by all the world
  Must my life's stream forever flow ?"

"Oh ! grant me power to tell these thoughts
  That flit like phantoms o'er my brain ;
Oh ! grant me power to sing those songs
  That cheer men,s hearts and soothe their pain."

Oh, Life ! thy days are fraught with woe ;
  Thy every hour is filled with care,
For him who wrestles long with Fate
  And yearns for crowns he ne'er can wear.

The night watch, on his lonely round,
  Beneath me walks with measured tread,
I start bewildered, from my dreams,
  Like one awakened from the dead.

His lantern throws a yellow gleam
  Far out into the gloom of night,
And e'er his footsteps die away,
  My star of Hope again grows bright.

J. C. H.

LATIN PRONUNCIATION.

[Concluded.]

Such is the uniform testimony of those who, with the requisite scholarship, have carefully and candidly weighed this evidence. Whatever differences of opinion they may have entertained with reference to a few minor points are not regarded by themselves as affecting the general correctness of the system, or diminishing its practical value. That it does not, and cannot reproduce all the less essential features of the vernacular pronunciation, is a matter of comparatively little importance to us, since the lapse of so many centuries has excluded us from oral converse with its original representatives. But it is important for arriving at a correct knowledge and appreciation of the language, that we have the right theory of its pronunciation, one that is in harmony with its structure and laws, and can represent it to us in its true character. That such is the theory of the Roman system, is the united verdict of those whose scholarly investigations best enable them to judge. One of these has recorded his opinion, that this pronunciation would have been intelligible to a native Roman, and would not have differed from his own more than the pronunciation of English among educated men in one part of England differs from that heard in other parts. This statement is the result of the most thorough investigation, and is fully warranted by the evidence. It stands unrefuted even by those who refuse to receive it. If it is true, then this system of pronunciation restores to us, in the nearest attainable degree, the language as it was used by the Romans themselves, and is sufficiently accurate for all the purposes involved in the study of it. Why then should it not be adopted ?

A pronunciation that is radically false, cannot fail to mislead the learner in regard to the true character of the language. Indeed a language may become so disguised by a false pronunciation as to be no longer recognized when addressed to the ear. Thoreau relates that in one of his rambles in the Maine woods, his Indian

guide sung to him what he affirmed to be a Latin hymn, which he had perhaps learned from his religious teachers. But the narrator, who was a classical scholar and entirely familiar with the language as pronounced by himself, says that he was unable to detect any Latin in it,—only one or two Greek words. Yet he adds, "It may have been Latin with the Indian pronunciation." And so, if an old Roman had heard the song recited with our English pronunciation, he might have been equally unable to understand it or to recognize it as composed in his own language.

Such may be the effect of applying to a language a false pronunciation; and surely no authorised method of pronouncing Latin could differ more widely from the vernacular than the English method which has so extensively prevailed. Such a perversion could never be tolerated except in the absence of a living standard which would authoritatively illustrate and enforce its claims. We have taken advantage of the Romans while they have slept unconsciously in their graves. Could they arise therefrom, still in possession of their old national spirit, they would doubtless visit upon the present age a prompt retribution for the insult which has been cast upon their mother tongue.

The habit of presenting to learners the Latin language under this English disguise, the grotesqueness of which only fails to appear because habit long indulged becomes a second nature, would seem to be justified only on the supposition that no approximation to the original pronunciation is attainable. The proper aim of the scholar is to learn the truth, and to conform himself to the truth. To do less than this is to abuse his privilege and pervert the true end of study. It should be the aim of the teacher to aid and direct the pupil in acquiring a knowledge of the truth. Thus only can he fulfil his mission. To consciously practice error and inculcate it upon others when the truth is within our reach, is not a healthful exercise either for the intellect or the conscience. It leads not to growth, but to deformity.

It need cause no alarm, that the Roman pronunciation has met, and is still meeting with fierce opposition. Such has been the fortune of all reforms. Error, when it is once firmly intrenched, does not leave the field without a conflict. A false habit, long indulged, still pleads for continuance even in the face of acknowledged truth. Time and patience are required for men to be persuaded to relinquish their prejudices, and to receive with complacency that which is to be a standing witness against a cherished usage of the past. "*Veritatem laborare nimis saepe aiunt, extingui nunquam.*"

The opponents of this system have freely launched against it their shafts of ridicule and wit, the usual weapons employed by those who are defending a weak cause. But truth is not overcome by weapons of this kind, nor does it need to resort to them in its defence. If the system is founded in truth, it will prove invulnerable to these assaults, and will continue to command the recognition of scholars in spite of them. Those who maintain their opposition by this mode of attack, are not likely to be convinced by arguments drawn from the facts on which the system rests, and need not be appealed to. Such opponents are to be overcome only by majorities.

But it deserves to be noticed that there is a class of scholars who, while acknowledging the general correctness of the Roman method, still object to its use on alleged grounds of expediency, convenience, &c. The consideration of these objections however must be deferred for the present.

SHELLEY.

More than half a century ago, a boat was sailing on the Gulf of Spezzia, and at its helm sat a man, at whose head during life, the Christian Church hurled its fiercest anathemas and shrieked its loudest curses. He has not lived thirty years, yet thonght and care and sorrow have writ

their lines upon his face, and touched his hair with white.

Calm and quiet is the scene around him, on that hot July afternoon, as he sits there reading, to the music of the breeze; but even now a cloud is seen, dark and threatening in the sky. The winds begin to blow, the waves roll hi her, and darkness gathers fast around. Fiercer blow the winds, wilder roll the waves, and the little boat tosses like a shell on that vast expanse of angry sea. Hark! the thunder peals forth the battle-cry of the elements, lightning lends her lurid glare, and wind and wave war and wrestle with all the fury of ten thousand wild and maddened demons, till at last, spent with the struggle, weak from fighting, they die down into calm and quiet. And there, in the arms of Nature, lulled to sleep by the grand harmony of her music, his tired brow kissed and caressed by wind and wave, lies the poet Shelley. Unknown hands have smoothed the trouble from his features and death has given the calm repose that life refused to grant. An exile from home, misunderstood by the world which he labored to improve, with health impaired by the wasting hand of disease, it was fitting that Nature's grandest forces should soothe to sleep his tired and weary soul, with the music of the storm.

To read aright the strange story of his life, the light of History must shed her rays upon its glorious pages. We must remember that he lived when Chemistry was called the Black Art, and had not yet revealed her truths to man. When witches reigned and bigotry and superstition ruled the minds of men. When the Christian Church demanded that thought should bend in abject sorvitude and yield to her anthority. We must remember that he lived in an age whose low and grovelling notions of the Deity would shock the sternest orthodox mind of to-day.

He was called an atheist and an iufidel, but he had more true religion in his soul than all the narrow-minded Christians who poured out their saintly wrath upon his head. If he was a sceptic, it was an honest, thoughtful scepticism, such as the enlightened Christian of to-day does not fear. If Shelley was an atheist and an infidel, the world were better off if atheism and infidelity had wider sway. But whatever may be said of him, his was a consistent life. He sacrificed everything to principle, and if he was an enthusiast, it was born of the warm and noble sympathies of a poet's heart.

He hated tyranny and oppression in the school, and his schoolmates persecuted him, because he refused to fag. He hated tyranny and oppression in the Church, and dared to say so; but the clergy howling in righteous wrath, and hurling their pious maledictions, drove him from their midst.

But the life of this man, loved by the few who knew him, cursed by those who had looked better sitting at his feet in humble adoration, is well worth the study of the present age. Leigh Hunt, the man who knew him perhaps better than any other, gave the key to his life and character, when he said: "His was like a spirit that had darted out of its orb, and found itself in another world." With a mighty love for humanity, and an inborn desire to relieve the world of the misery which filled it,—a desire which became the ruling purpose of his life,—his sensitive, poetical nature shrank from the seeming ingratitude with which the world received his love-offerings, and took refuge in the gift of poesy. And here, "on Song's utmost height," he has carved his life and name,—a life which grows brighter and grander, seen in "time's perspective," a name which honest, thoughtful men will ever love,—the name of Shelley, poet and philosopher.

THE WORTH OF POETRY.

We are not apt to realize the debt we owe to the various forms of literature which have been handed down to us by ages long since dead, and

which are being given th the public during the present century. It would be difficult, yes impossible, to overestimate the tremendous influence that poetry has exerted over the minds and actions of men, or to estimate with any certainty, the influence which it has brought to bear upon our civil and literary history.

Not only are we indebted to poetry for the pleasure which we have derived from its pages, and the benefit which legitimate pleasure always brings to us, but also for the invaluable stores of historical knowledge, which it is always ready to give to an intelligent and careful reader. In the ancient drama the every day life of the people, their mode of living, their laws and customs, are depicted in a manner far more entertaining than the style of the grave historisn. We learn from these dramas, concerning the ancient religion, and even the Gods themselves are represented as coming down from high Olympus and appearing upon the boards.

In the study of poetry ancient or modern, there is a pleasure mingled which gives zest and interest to the pursuit. What would we know of many important events of former years, many battles which decided the fates of nations even, were it not for the poets' pen? Detailed in prosy language by the grave historian, a few would know their history, but a majority who read not merely for information, but also for the beauty of expression and the music of the sounding lines, would lose all this. Many events of wondrous importance to the Historian of to-day, events which bind together the present and the past, and which if lost, would break another link in the chain of progress. would be lost to us, but for some man's love or verse.

What would we know of ancient mythology, were it not for ancient poetry? The powers ascribed to the ancient Gods, the particular field over which each deity presided, their rank and influence, are made known to us in verse. Poetry, again, appeals to the imagination, and how important it is to mirror in our minds the scenes of which we would learn, is evident to all who read intelligently, and study systematically. Poetry soars above and its language has a subtile power, that prose does not possess. In Homer we seem to hear the twang of the arrow god's bow, as he shoots into the stricken camp! We hear the roar of the ocean as it dashes against the cliff! We see the death struggle of contending enemies in their hand to hand encounters! In Virgil we see far-famed cities of the past. We see the light boats as they glide like birds upon the silvery sea; and again there appears before us a "horrible monster, ill-formed, immense with his solitary eye dug out." We hear the beat of the horses' hoofs as they gallop across the grassy plain. In other poems we find a quiet calm which lulls one into rest. We cannot enumerate the hosts of noble poets, who have given to the world the fruits of their wondrous genius. It would take volumes to name them all.

But the undying fame of our older bards should not with its dazzling brightness blind our eyes to the grandure of our noble poets of to-day. They have for their masters and teachers, the poets of the past; and right well have they profited by them. What poem is sweeter than "Evangeline?" what poem is grander than the "Chambered Naurilus." Aye, modern poets are no triflers!

We know how eternal is the life of song, how grandly beautiful the music of the perfect verse, and I cannot better end this paper, than by quoting the words of a "Century Poet" who furnishes to lovers of verse an ever ready delight.

"There is nothing on the earth
Where so many things are strong,
Half so mighty in its birth,
Or so sure of life as song!
Never pine on mountain height
So the thunderbolt defies;
Never eagle in his flight
Soars with such undaunted eyes!
Conquerors pull empires down,
Think they will not be forgot;
But if song pursues them not,
Time destroys their dark renown;
Nothing is remembered long
But the life of song!"

The Undergraduate.

Published Monthly During the College Year.

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EDITORIAL.

SWIFT once said, "a college joke to cure the dumps;" and Charles Lamb said, "a laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market." A joke will cure the dumps if it wounds no one's feelings, and a laugh is good when it is a hearty good-natured laugh. There are people who do not understand the nature of a joke, who do not seem to know were a joke ends, and a contemptible trick begins. We long to be able to inform the person who is in the habit of putting pepper on the Latin Room stove, what constitutes fun. But in all probability nothing could be beaten into his head, without the aid of a pile-driver or a crow-bar. and we regret to say that we have neither of these implements at hand. If we had, it would be difficult to find the head we imagine. Perhaps the man who perpetrated the stupendous joke referred to, is under the impression that it was a brilliant stroke of genius. It would be just as brilliant to go out into the street and eat saw-dust in the presence of an assembled populace. We hope that these few words will meet the veiws of the pepper sprinkler. If he should feel called upon to defend himself we would be happy to give him a chance. We know several people who want to see him particularly. He would be quite popular for a few hours, quite numerous as it were. Is there any thing funny in choking the Professors, the four classes, our kind and venerable Janitor, and your own poor self? We ask this question of the pepper man. No, stranger, there is nothing funny about it. We advise you to meditate on the weakness of human nature, and form an idea, if you can, concerning what would be the result if you were found out.

DR. E. C. WINES was a man to whom Middlebury College could point with pride, and in his recent death she has lost one of her most eminent graduates. Dr. Wines lived when a young man on a farm in Bridport, known as the Widow Benjamin farm. The farm is located on the road leading from Bridport village to Vergennes, by way of Snake Mountain. His father was in somewhat straitened circumstances, and the Dr. owed his success to his own talents and indomitable energy. He was a wonderful scholar

in his youth, but failed utterly in an attempt to teach school at Bridport, from inability to manage the boys, who were so unruly as to throw the future philanthropist out of doors. He afterwards established his New Jersey school, which became so famous that Henry Clay and other great men sent their sons to him and afterwards employed him to accompany the boys to Europe as a tutor. During various foreign travels, he corresponded for the American press. In 1850 he published a book called "The Hebrew Commonwealth." A portion of the work he previously delivered as lectures in the Lowell Institute course. Dr. Wines is famous as the great prison reformer. He organized the National Prison Convention at Cincinnati in 1870, from which grew the International Prison Convention, held in London the following year. He has visited all the courts in Europe as a United States Commissioner, and Congress voted an appropriation of $8,000 to enable him to pursue his investigation as to the prison systems of the Old World. At the time of his death he was superintending the publication of his work called "State of Prisons and of Child Saving Institutions Throughout the World." Five hundred pages are already stereotyped, and fortunately the balance of the manuscript is completed.

THE term ends on the twenty-third of this month, and New Year's Day is drawing near. The boys are getting ready to swear off, we suppose. Pipes and tobacco will be locked up in various bureau drawers and the keys will be thrown into the well, cork-screws, ("keys to bliss" as one of our exchanges says), will be thrown out the window, while tobacco-boxes will be resolutely cast aside. We wish we could look down upon these resolute men, two days later. We see several men, as we look with eagle eye through a little rip in the curtain which shuts out the dim, dumb future. Why is that bearded man, on hands and knees, searching carefully each square inch of the frozen earth beneath his window? He isn't looking after a cork-screw. O No! But still we notice he hates to break the neck of the bottle. We place our eye to the rip once more; and seeing, we also hear. We see a man leaning over the well curb, and he looks tired. But he moves, and we watch him as he goes to his room. He tries to open a certain bureau drawer but it is locked, and the key is in the deep. He gives an impatient jerk and the knobs breaks off. Then he grinds his teeth, and calls for an axe, and that bureau drawer goes around the room by the dozen, in about one minute. He has fallen from grace, the unfortunate man, and we weep to see him enveloped in a cloud of smoke. There is but one scene more. I behold a fellow, who in a paralyzed whisper, remarks that his mouth is as dry as Paley's Evidences. He goes from one man to another, asks an eager question, and is lost in the crowd. In a few minutes I see him return, with one side of his jaw as big as a foot-ball, and when I ask him who hit him, he winks with his left eye, and answers "Um!"

WE hear frequent rumors to the effect that certain of the Alumni of Middlebury are endeavoring to raise one hundred thousand dollars for the benefit of their Alma Mater. We can not vouch for the truth of the rumor, but we can not but hope that if such is the case, their endeavors will be successful. An addition of such an amount of money to the endowment would be of inestimable value to our college, and enable her to enjoy privileges that are not at present attainable. There are many doubtless, who are kept away from Middlebury because she can not hold out such inducements as some of her older and wealthier sisters display before the innocent eyes of a sub-freshman. If this money is obtained, we almost dare to hope for a new Laboratory and a first-class Gymnasium.

MENTION has been made in these columns, we believe, concerning a superabundance of noise in the college buildings, and still we hear complaints

frequently made, concerning the same nuisance. It is not expected that college buildings will be as quiet as a Quaker meeting, nor are they expected to be as noisy as a fork factory. It would be well to strike the golden mean if possible, and then we all would be content. The mean referred to may be a little mysterious, and hard to find; but it can be discovered by experiment, and the mode of experiment should be a gradual moderating of racket. When no one complains, the mean will have been found. It is unpleasant for those who wish to study, to be continually interrupted by persons singing and yelling during study hours, and as we are sure that no one wishes to be a nuisance to his fellow students—we trust that this brief mention will be sufficient to produce a desirable change.

Alpha Mu of Chi Psi, Middlebury College.

Died at Burlington, Iowa, December 3, 1879, Frank Phelps of the Class of '54.

WHEREAS, In the death of our Brother, Frank Phelps, we are called upon to mourn the loss of one who has ever been a loyal friend of Chi Psi, and an honor to our Fraternity,

Resolved, That we hereby tender our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved friends and relatives of the deceased.

Resolved, That as a tribute of respect to the memory of our departed Brother, we drape our badges for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the relatives of the deceased, to the several Alphas of the Fraternity, and published in THE UNDERGRADUATE.

JOHN C. SCOFIELD,
CHAS. S. MURKLAND,
CARROL B. ROSS. } Com.

Hall of Alpha Mu of Chi Psi, Dec. 18, 1879.

REVIEWS.

We have received the December number of the *Cottage Hearth*. It will be remembered that some time ago Mr. Milliken consolidated the *Hearth*, with the Rev. W. H. H. Buck-board's *Golden Rule*. The readers of the *Hearth* regretted that it had there lost its identity, and now in as much as it has resumed publication, they are delighted to see its friendly face again. The first article is a biographical sketch of William Morris Hunt, the famous artist. Biddy McGinnis on the Phonograph is an amusing story. The Poets Portfolio is fine as usual, and in the editorial department, Mr. Milliken's blow at the swindler is a telling one.

Scribner for January is a good number of that popular magazine. "The United States Life-Saving Service" is of great interest. "Young Artist's Life in New York" by W. H. Bishop is an article which cannot fail to be of surpassing interest to every one who is interested in art and artists. There are new chapters of "Confidence" and of "The Grandissimes." The poems in this number are fine, the best perhaps being Stoddard's "Hymn to the Sea." This is one of the best poems which Mr. Stoddard has written for years, and contains some grand lines. "Culture and Progress" is as interesting as usual. The usual departments of "The World's Work" and "Bric a Brac" are complete and thoroughly alive.

THE January *Atlantic* opens a new volume with several features that claim special attention. It has at least sixteen pages more than in average numbers heretofore, is printed on new and larger type, and, best of all, contains the two opening chapters of "The Undiscovered Country," Mr. Howell's new serial story, which will run through half the year or more. Dr. Holmes, whose seventieth birthday has just been celebrated with so much heartiness, contributes a characteristic poem on the "The Coming Era." W. W. Story, the eminent sculptor, has a poem, "Do you Remember?" "Equality" is the subject of an anonymous paper, which is admirable for its fine blending of thoughtfulness and humor. "The Bonanza Farms of the West" describes the vast scale on which farming is done on the prairies of the West. "Reminiscences of Washington" is the first of a series of articles that cannot fail to be popular, on political and social

life in Washington for the past thirty years, by a gentleman who knows the capital very accurately. The short story of the number is "Electioneerin' on Big Injun Mountain," by Charles Egbert Craddock. Richard Grant White writes of "Habits of English Life," and writes very entertaining too. The second part of "Thirty-Seven Hundred and Fifty-eight" is given. Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spafford has a poem, "Intermezzo," and Mr. Whittier one on "St. Martin's Summer," both notably good poems. Considerable space is given to literature, as the season demands.

RHYMES FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

A DRINKING SONG.

Fill, fill up your glasses,
Be joyful to-night,
Strike Time as he passes,
And cripple his flight.
Let us be gay
While yet we may,
Sorrow will come without warning.
E'er it be night,
Cherish the light,
Revel in the beauties of morning.

Fill, fill, youth's a treasure
Soon faded and dead;
Come, crown it with pleasure
E'er yet it be fled.
Life now is fair,
What do we care
For the saws of dry scholars and sages?
We will be gay,
Let them frown as they may,
From the dust of their time-eaten pages.

Fill, fill, let them chide us
With pious grimace;
Time can not deride us,
We laugh in his face.
For we are gay,
Life all is May;
Time and his troubles we heed not,
Gay are our hearts
Till youth departs,
Till then we will care that they bleed not.

—*Rochester Campus.*

THE DAY AFTER.

Chapel bells
At early dawn,
Rouse from sleep
Too quickly flown.
Untimely warning,
Hurried dressing;
Naughty words
The bells a-blessing.
Hasty breakfast
(Fact deplored)
Late to chapel
Two marks scored.
Recitations
Of the worst;
Miscalculation—
Called up first.
Random guesses;
Bewildered mind;
Rash resolves
To go it blind.
Nervous tremor,
Knocking knees;
"Unprepared, sir."
"Next man, please!"—*Student.*

GRADATIM.

BY JUNIUS.

How doth ye weary little "fresh"
Improve ye livelong day!
With aching head, but dauntless heart,
He wears ye hours away.

How doth ye wicked sophomore
Oft rack his wee, smart, brain
To find some plan, ye freshie-man
To rush, snub, steal his cane.

Ye festive junior, how doth he
Oft flunk ye mighty class!
Yet oil his hair, and smile upon
Ye tutor and ye lass.

How doth ye senior egotist
Go oft ye maid to see!
Talk big, strut, make ye high-flown speech,
And win ye grand degree. —*Tripod.*

YE FRESH.

Ye freshie thinks he knows it all,
When we electioneer,
But when ye annuals have come,
He'll change his mind, I fear. —*Ex.*

TOWN AND CAMPUS.

Leavenworth is back.

Three weeks vacation.

"Bolts" are becoming popular.

Skating comes, but we must go.

The Freshmen want to know if this is any like annuals.

These are the days of cold chapel and long prayers.

Some of the Juniors are becoming quite interested in experimental Chemistry.

"Go as you please" time for meals results in "Go as you must" time for chapel.

Please notice Jno. F. Luther's advertisement of society badges in another column.

The Liliputian Opera Company are booked for Jan. 6th, with their greatest extravaganza "Pocahontas."

A Senior was heard to remark the other day that a certain mode of college discipline was entirely unpresidential.

Prof. Parker has been indisposed for several days with a severe cold. He conducted his examinations at his house.

Prof: "Did Livy write before or after Seneca?" Freshman: "Yes Sir." Prof: "Well, which was it?" Freshman: "Livy."

A Senior who tried to air his Latin to aid in selling an old book to a Freshman has decided to let the book speak for itself hereafter.

R. M. Bailey has removed into new rooms in the recently erected Smith block and is now issuing the "Register" by steam power.

J. Humphrey, '82, of Mechanicsville, N. Y., has been away from his class for several weeks owing to illness at home. He expects to return next term.

J. S. M. Foote who entered the class of '83, but since received the appointment from this congressional district to West Point, is teaching in Cornwall this winter.

The old text-books in German are to be changed this winter, Sheldon's Grammar taking the place of Whitney's. Alas for the Junior who had laid in a stock of books for the year.

We read "That the wicked stand in slippery places," but it has been fully and plainly demonstrated during the past week that this class is limited about here, as only a very few *stand.*

The Sophs crowded into the first seats in the chapel last Wednesday, that they might better encourage the Freshmen as they made their first appearance on the stage; but no Freshmen appeared.

"This world is all a fleeting show," the Freshman said, who had two tickets to the concert in his vest pocket and the only lady in town that he was acquainted with engaged to another chap for the evening.

The variety of Steel Pens manufactured by the Esterbrook Steel Pen Co. includes every shape, size and style for counting house, school and engrossing. Their popular brands are sold everywhere.

The county court which began the first Tuesday of this month held the shortest session that has been held here for many years. The attractions were so few that it hardly paid to cut recitation to attend.

Professor in chemistry to Junior, who was attempting to frame his explanation to book language: "Don't be bound to the book, we go as we please here." Junior No. 2. snatching his hat: "Guess I'll be going then."

It was a sad and haggard look that overshadowed the countenance of that Senior the other morning, who, when he had run a half a mile after a three minutes breakfast, was informed at the chapel door that the Seniors were excused.

The following elections have been made from the Freshman class to the different college societies:

CHI PSI.—B. F. Churchill, Lowell, Mass.; J. S. M. Foote, New Haven, Vt.; J. Kellogg, Benson, Vt.; J. Stearns, Lyme Centre, N. H.

DELTA KAPPA EPSILON.—C. G. Wilson, Holidaysburg, Pa.

DELTA UPSILON.—J. B. Felt, Manchester, Vt.; C. M. Severance, Orwell, Vt.; F. B. Sheldon, Fair Haven, Vt.

Emory, the character that has created no little stir in town during the past year, had his trial on the 13th of this month. He was sentenced to ten years of hard labor in the State's prison for an assault with intent to kill upon officer Chapman

while attempting to arrest him after one of his escapes from jail. There are two other indictments against him which will be tried after he has served out his present sentence.

Through the High School lecture course, we were favored with a lecture from Rev. Joseph Cook of Boston, last Thursday evening on the subject of "Ultimate America." Academy Hall was well filled with an intelligent and appreciative audience. Mr. Cook spoke two hours and a quarter, and the close attention that he received and the perfect control with which he held the audience through the whole time, speak more forcibly of the power and eloquence of his words than can be expressed in any other way.

Tbe Wedding of Mr. W. R. Cray of Minneapolis, Minn. and Miss Maggie Douglass of Middlebury, which took place at the Congregational church on the morning of the 10th, inst., at half past ten o'clock, was witnessed by a large number of the friends of both parties. Rev. E. P. Hooker officiated in a very interesting and impressive manner. The wedded pair took the noon train for New York where they are to spend a few days and from thence they go to their western home. Mr. Cray after he graduated here pursued a course of legal studies in Minneapolis and was then admitted to the bar. Mrs Cray will be much missed by her many friends in Middlebury.

While many words once in common use are now nearly obsolete, few persons are aware how large a number of new words are constantly coming into our language. The Supplement of the edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, recently issued, contains among other features, an addition of over 4600 New Words and Meanings, and yet it is but a few years since a general revision was made and great care taken to insert all the words then properly belonging to the English Language. Where these words come from and what they are, is a surprise to persons who have not examined them. That they have not been hastily compiled is evidenced by the accuracy of and careful study given to their etymology and definitions.

The Dramatic Cantata "Trial by Jury," by Sullivan and Gilbert, was presented by the Euterpe Club as announced in our last issue, on the evening of the 12th inst. This club was organized this fall and takes the place of the old and well-known Choral Society. It is under the direction of Prof. E. H. Higley and is composed of the best musical talent that the town affords. The club is better organized than its predecessor the choral society; it has a set of by-laws that limits its numbers to twenty with a possibility of still further limitations, if each member does not show a decided determination to make music an earnest study. This was their first appearance in public since their organization. They were favored with a full house, owing partly to the recognized talent of the performers and partly to the renown of the authors of the Cantata to be presented. The entertainment was comprised of two parts. The programme for the first part was as follows:

I. QUINTET.—"My Little Dog." .....
Mr. Oliver and College Quartet.

II. PART SONG.—Youth, Love and Hope.....Hatton.
Mrs. Miner, Mrs. Slade, Miss Higley, Mrs Higley, Mrs. Judd and Miss Potter.

III. DUETT.—(For Piano-forte and Piccolo) Rondoletto
Miss Severance and Mr. Murkland.

IV. SONG.—The Flower Girl.....
Mrs. L. M. Fletcher.

V TRIO.—Queen of Night, ...H. Smart.
Mrs. Miner, Mrs. Higley and Mr. Murkland.

VI. SONG.—Expectency, ...D. Buck
Miss H. M. Tupper.

VII. { a Soldier's Departure, ...Thunder
{ b More and More, ...Seifert
College Quartet.

This was followed by the comic opera "Trial by Jury," with the following cast of characters:

JUDGE, "And a good judge too!".....J. C. Harvey
DEFENDANT, "He deceived a girl confiding,". .....
B. F. Churchill
COUNSEL FOR PLAINTIFF, "O man of learning,"
E. Oliver
USHER, Disposed to have "Silence in the Court,"....
C. S. Murkland
FOREMAN OF THE JURY, "Just like a father he'd like to be,".....E. H. Higley
PLAINTIFF, "The jilted maid,".....Mrs. J. W. Pitts
FIRST BRIDESMAID,.....Mrs. L. M. Fletcher
SECOND " .....Miss H. M. Tupper
Jurymen, Friends of the Plaintiff, Spectators etc., by the full chorus. Miss Lilliev Severance, pianist,

The miscellaneous part of the programme was of a superior character, but as most of the audience were eager for the second part it was not received so enthusiastically as it undoubtedly would otherwise have been. "Trial by Jury" seemed to delight everybody; and the flattering reception that it received is an evidence of the full appreciation of the skill and exertion of the performers and a guarantee of a good house for all entertainments they may present hereafter.

There is an error in the college calender on the first page of this number. The winter vacation is three weeks instead of two and so all the dates beyond that time should be one week later. This will make the winter term begin Jan. 15, and will bring commencement the 7th of July. The error will be corrected in our next issue.

PERSONALS.

'27. The Rev. Dr. Enoch Cobb Wines of Irvington-on-Hudson, died at Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 10, 1879, aged 73 years. Dr. Wines was born in Hanover, N. J., Feb. 17, 1806. He graduated from this institution at the age of twenty-one years. He then took a position as principal of an academy in St Albans, and afterwards removed to Alexandria, Va., wbere he held a position as assistant teacher in a female seminary. In 1829 he became a teacher on the U. S. Naval Ship, Constellation. This position he held for neaily three years. In 1833 he became principal of Edgehill School, Princeton, N. J., and five years later Professor of Languages in the Central High School of Philadelphia. In 1844 he founded a boarding school in New Jersey, where he remained till 1848. In 1849, he was licensed to preach by the Congregational Board of Rhode Island. In 1853 he was made Professor of Ancient Languages in Washington College, and in 1859 he was placed at the head of the City University of St. Louis. He was appointed in 1862, Sec. of the N. Y. Prison Association and since that time all his energies have been devoted to the work of prison reform throughout the world. He founded in 1870 the National Prison Association of which he became Secretary and held the office at the time of his death. He attended the International Penitentiary Congress, in London, in 1871, and was Chairman of the Permanent International Committee which met at Brussels in 1874, and at Bruchsal in 1875. His published works number some ten or twelve volumes. The funeral services were held at the Presbyterian church, Cambridge, on the 13th, ult., the remains being taken to Philadelphia for interment.

'29. Paschal Carter, formerly Professor of Mathematics and Natural Sciences at Granville College, Ohio, is now residing at Centralia, Ill.

'38. George H. Ruggles is superintendent of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy's car foundry located at Aurora, Ill. His daughter, Miss Theodora Ruggles, has recently been married to Mr. Reeves also of Aurora.

'48. The silver wedding of Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D., was observed in the large social parlors of the church last evening, (Wash. Nov. 28). Notwithstanding the rain storm over five hundred were present. The secret of the intended wedding was kept close from the knowledge of the pastor and his wife, and visitors kept them at their house till all was ready at the church. When they entered the large organ struck up a wedding march, the groom and bride were conducted to their seats, and Hon. William Windham, Senator from Minnesota, took the chair. Gen. E. Whittlesey gave an interesting account of the ten years pastorate of Dr. Rankin. Mr. L. Deane presented an album containing the autographs of the members of the church. Mr. A. L. Barber brought forward one hundred and seventy-five silver dollars, fresh that day from the treasury, all bearing the stamp of 1879. Dr. O. F. Presbrey presented a handsome silver set. Other silver presents abounded. The occasion was a happy one and eminently successful.—*Congregationalist.*

'60. Rev. E. P. Wild of Newport took part in the Fellowship Meeting at Island Pond, November 18-20.

'62. Dr. E. H. Gale is chief surgeon of the Hospital at Aurora, Ill.

'65. Rev. C. C. Harris has been appointed chaplain of Nebraska penitentiary situated at Lincoln City, Neb.

'69. The Congregational church and society of Fair Haven have extended a unanimous call to the Rev. William Rufus Cushman Flagg of Westford, Massachusetts, to become their pastor. Mr. Flagg is a native of Vermont. "He possesses many traits of character," writes the correspondent who sends this information, "which so distinguished his grandfather who was the beloved pastor of this church fifty years ago." Mr. Flagg accepts.—*Chronicle·*

'69. Fred. D. Mussey has been appointed private secretary to Governor Foster of Ohio.

'69. Friday, a meeting of the Executive Committee of Jennings' Seminary convened to look after the work for the opening year. The Trustees were fortunate in securing as they did two years ago a man of the tact and learning of Rev. M.E.

Cady, the principal. His department is the Greek and Roman classics, in which he is probably not surpassed in the West, if anywhere.—*Sandwich Gazette* (*Ill*).

'72. Rev. Henry Ladd is going as a missionary to Africa.

'74. Dr. H. P. Sheldon is spending the winter in London. He is studying medicine. He returns to the United States next June.

'75. Rev. Lawrence Phelps of Barton attended the Fellowship Meeting at Island Pond, Nov. 18-20.

'76. Mr. Willard R. Cray and Miss Maggie Douglass were married at the Congregational church in this place, Wednesday morning, Dec. 10, at 10 o'clock. Rev. E. P. Hooker officiated.

'76. W. I. Brown is studying Theology in Union Theological Seminary, New York City.

'77. James R. Gifford who is principal of the academy in Mexico, N. Y., has recently been in town.

'77. C. M. Prynne has resigned his position on the Springfield *Republican*, and has secured an easier and more lucrative position on the *Land and Home*, a new agricultural journal published in New York.

'78. M. B. Manley is teaching in Hampton Academy, Hampton, N. H.

'79. John W. Chapman has taken a school for the winter in Dorset, Bennington Co., Vt.

'79. E. R. Brainerd is a member of Union Theological Seminary, New York City.

EXCHANGS.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:

Th Ariel, College Record, Student Life, News Letter, Montpelierian, Vassar Miscellany, University Herald, Hamilton Literary, Rochester Campus, Oberlin Review, Bates Student, Madisonensis, Berkleyan, College Olio, Bowdoin Orient, Tripod, Volante, Syracusan, Colby Echo, Neoterian, Tuftonian, College Argus, Reveille, Brunonian, University Press, Dartmouth, Nassau Lit. Magazine, Anthenæum, Chronicle, and Wabash.

The "Man" whom the poet writes about in the Tuftonian must be a queer sort of a fellow. Otway's "Venice Preserved," is a fine critique. The book notices take up too much space, and are of little interest save to the authors of the works reviewed.

The Chronicle comes to us from Ann Arbor. A correspondent attacks the local paper and the police force of the city, and if his charges are sustained and his account of the "riot" correct, the "Democrat" ought to be annihilated and the police exterminated. In its general make up the Chronicle is excellent.

The Athenæum of Nov. 8, opens with a poem called "The Pilgrim and The Cross." With the exception of one or two faulty lines the composition is excellent. In the last two stanzas the rhymes are alike. This is hardly allowable. The paper on Edgar Poe is well written, and we heartily agree with the writer in his condemnation of Dr. Griswold.

In the Athenæum of Nov. 22nd, we find a paper on "Music" which we like. An amusing poem follows called "The Letter." The locals are complete.

The Berkeleyan lies before us. A translation from Heine heads the literary department. As a translation we cannot judge of its merits, but as a poem it is graceful and sprightly. "American Ideals" is a good paper. Under the head "The Religious World and the University," some one defends the college against charges of infidelity and immorality. The editorial department is well handled.

We have always liked the Bowdoin Orient. There is a freshness and spiciness about it that renders it an ever welcome visitor at our sanctum. The editorials are brief and to the point. We find an interesting description of the Art Gallery at Bowdoin. Under the head of "Preaching and Practice," some one lays for the Pres. of Colby. The locals and personals are good.

In the Oberlin Review, we find an entertaining article on "Literature as a Profession." There are and have been men, however, who, writing for money, have given the world some of its noblest literature. Among them is Walter Scott, who it will be remembered wrote the nine volumes of "The Life of Napoleon," besides many of his finest novels, in order to pay the tremendous debt that had fallen upon him by the failure of the Ballantynes.

The Student Life opens with the following bit of verse, a little halting perhaps in one or two lines, but nevertheless good·

AT COLLEGE.

THE FRESHMAN.

Anxiously waiting at foot of the stair,
Watching the students go pacing by,
Stands the young Freshman, wondering there,
Whether or not he can climb so high.

THE SOPHOMORE.

Busier now than ever before,
Jollier still than in days that are gone,
Carefully poring o'er hidden lore,
Ploddeth the Sophomore steadily on.

THE JUNIOR.

A brighter hope is on face and on brow,
And a deeper sense of the problem of life
Guideth the Student—a Junior now
As he longeth to enter the world's busy strife.

THE SENIOR.

Statlier and graver is now his stern mien,
Coming the nearer unto the prized goal;
The top of the stairway ambition has seen,
May Heaven make thankful his now resting soul.

—HEINRICH.

PLUNDER.

Prof. in Physics: "Give a good example of an elastic substance?" Student: "Conscience."

"Yes I want my daughter to study Rhetoric," said a Vermont mother, "for she can't fry pancakes now without smoking the house all up."—[Ex.

A London chemist has named his five daughters respectively, Glycerine, Pepsine. Ethyl, Methyl, and Morphia. He calls their mother Dynamite.—[Ex.

"What quantities of dried grasses you keep here, Miss Stebbins! Nice room for a donkey to get into. "Make yourself at home," she responded, with sweet gravity.—[Ex.

Soph in Math.: "Prof., I think this proposition bears a striking analogy to the peace of God." Prof: "I don't see the analogy Mr. B." Soph: "Why, it passeth all understanding."—[Ex.

Elderly gentlemen to a Freshman on the train: "You don't have no ticket?" "No, I travel on my good looks." "Then," after looking him over, "probably you ain't goin' very far." Smiles. —[Ex.

Prof: "Will you mention some liquid that is lighter than water." Junior: "Alcohol." Prof: "Can you mention any *other* with which you are *familiar?*" Junior immediately searches for a club.—[Ex.

The pastor of one of the village churches took a pair of pants to a tailor the other day, to have them repaired. Tailor examined them critically and observed, "Humph, knees are the best part of 'em."—[Student.

"Well, Grimes," queried a friend of the poor old fellow, "do you really believe the Bible is true?" "Oh, Lord o' mercy, yes. I shouldn't dare to disbelieve it whether I believed it or not." —[New Haven Register.

A certain Freshman always begins his excuses, "Dear Faculty." We are aware that the heart of the Fresh is affectionate and twining, as it were, but we sometimes doubt the expediency of the above method of address.—[Ex.

A Brown University student,
Who vowed that grind language he wouldn't,
Tried a steed in his German
That the Prof. rode a term on,
And it threw this equestrian student.

[Brunonian.

Squabbles, an old bachelor, showed his stocking, which he had just darned, to a maiden lady, who contemptuously remarked: "Pretty good for a man darner." And Squabbles remarked: "Yes, good enough for a woman, darn her."—[Ex.

An evening interview: "Good evening!" "Good evening." "This is a pleasant evening." "A very nice evening." "May I see you home this evening?" "Well, not this evening." "Good evening." "Good evening." Thus evening matters all round.—[Ex.

In a primary school, not long ago, the teacher undertook to convey to her pupils an idea of the use of the hyphen. She wrote on the black-board, "Birds'-nest," and pointing to the hyphen, asked the school, "What is that for?" After a short pause a small Fenian piped out, "Plaze, ma'am, for the burd to roosht on."—[Review.

Fresh (to Senior Prep. discussing novels,): "I like Mr. Waverly the best of all the novelists."

Sen. Prep.: "He does very well; but then you know he's going out of date. I like George Eliot best, he's so nice and sentimental."

2nd Fresh.; "But if you want something solid, just read 'Exit Homo.'"—[Madisonensis.

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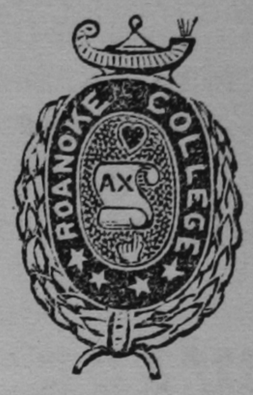

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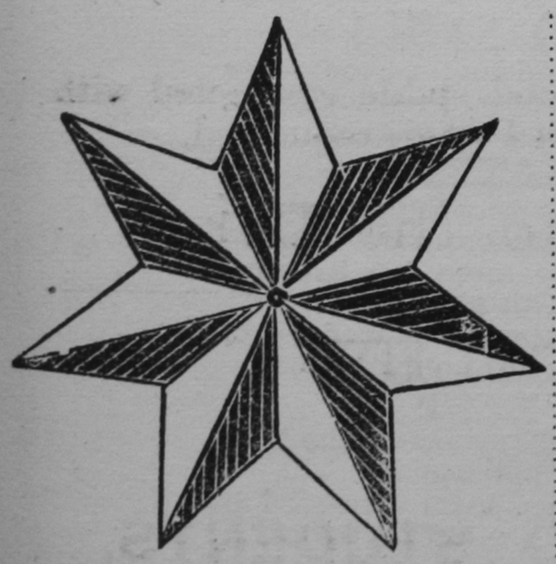

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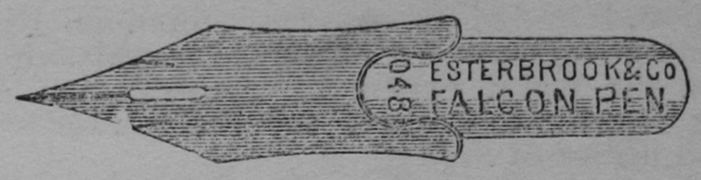

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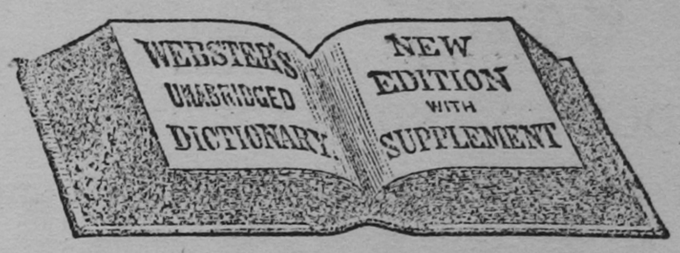

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